

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1886.

NO. 107.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—AT—

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

'Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.'

AGRA, N. W. P. INDIA, JAN 16th, 1886.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

4. Immediately contiguous are the numerous superb buildings of the palace, many of them perfectly preserved and as handsome as when built, but totally useless and deserted. It seems strange that magnificent edifices that cost millions can be put to no use whatever, but just stand, tenanted, for tourists to stare at. But it is a fact—Akbar's noble outer "business office" or Dastur-Khana, has been utilized as a dale bungalow, for the convenience of casual visitors; and one exquisite gem of a palace was one allowed to be used by wedding parties, for their "honey moon." But this custom has been discontinued of late, and now the whole echo only to the footstep of eighteens, who come, for a brief moment to "count the palaces"—mark well the towers"—and "haste away"—as we did. In 3 hours we saw all we cared to see—wonderful as it all was.

Leaving the mosque and tomb of Salim, we visited the grand quarters of the Chief Sultans of Akbar, who, altho' not the mother of his successor, held her place of honor as his first wife and "first consol"—as she was.

A quadrangle of about 60 yards, with elegant courts and corner Kiosks, and pierced lattices across, and all the rest in most perfect taste and execution, with a superb entrance gateway worthy of the max

imperio it was introductory to.

Then we crossed a paved court and here another palatial, square building, in red sandstone, most wonderfully carved with out and within—where Akbar's Christian (?) wife resided. She was a Portu

guese lady.

A little further and we have the most elaborately ornamented house of all, where his Hindu wife—the daughter of Birbul, lived in exceeding state. This Birbul was the noble Hindu, who accepted Akbar's eclectic religious system and got his daughter in as Empress No. 3 before or after. It is not hard to see what converted him.

This Birbul's daughter's palace was the "honey moon" house of the European in terloper, for a while. It is simply a two storied, pretigious, carving—the like of which I have never seen. Not a stick of timber in the entire structure. The four rooms below are 15 feet square and high and one solid mass of curious stone curving. The upper rooms, the rooms, except that they are surrounded with exquisite domes.

The guide book says of this: "Nothing

can exceed the magnificence of the materials

exemplifying the minuteness of the finish. It

seems as if a Chinese ivory-worker had

been employed upon a cyclopean monu-

ment."

Leaving this bewilering mass of chisel-

led stone, we wander off to the sandstone

stables, at the back, where stalls for 102

horses and 50 camels, with mangers and

ope rings in stone, still perfect, are very

suggestive. What a sight it must have

been with Akbar's beautiful horses, each

in his luxurious quarters, giving wondrous

equine life to the scene. Another court-

yard crossed, and through another archway

and we are in the great flagged enclosure,

70 yards by 40, called the Khas Mahal—or

"particular place," where the Emperor

had his own special Khwabghar or "place

of dreams"—his bed-room, in short. It

is very plain and simple, with 4 doors, and

only 15 feet square. In another part of

this spacious court is the house of Akbar's

Turkish wife—most gorgeously carved and

in some respects the "gem" of the won-

drous collection of palaces. It is simply

indescribable in detail—being a solid mass

of delicate chisel work.

By this time, gentle reader, you will have

gathered, that this great conqueror was an

"Electric" in his matrimonial arrange-

ments as well as in his religious views. In

which judgment you will not be far out of

the way.

But I am tired of describing as you

doubtless are of reading, about things you

haven't seen. It is all very unsatisfac-

tory, I know; and most to me, who want you

to see through my eyes, and yet you have

only one person to tell you about it. I get

hugely disgusted with myself, as I try to

portray it, even in part.

Time would fail, to speak of the "Dir-

van-i-am," or "public audience hall;" the

Dirvan-i-Khas, or "special audience hall;"

the Panj Mahal—or "5 storied palace,"

from whose pretty colonnaded terraces the

court beauties took the evening air and

lived the lovely landscape on every side

on summer nights, when the moon was

riding high in the heavens; or the

Akli Michauli or "Blindman's Buff

House," where—the legend runs—the Em-

peror played that game with the ladies of

the household. Poor things! Shut up as

they were—more "state prisoners" of the

conquered sort—it must have been a plea-

ant break in the monotony of palace life, to have a good romp at Blind Man's Buff, with the "conqueror of the world," as Akbar was called by his courtiers. It presents an amiable side of the great monarch also, and I recent the attempt of my guide book to discredit the legend and turn the Akli Michauli into a prosaic "Treasure chamber," as though "Blind Man's Buff" was unworthy of a great king; when needs either be cutting off heads outside or in bicycling houses.

Counting out his money.

I prefer to leave the great Akbar, with the thought, so honoring to him, that he was really great enough for an occasional game of Blind Man's Buff with the poor secluded dame of his haven, and built a labyrinthine structure, at large cost, for their enjoyment. His greatness in dressing gown and slippers, it is true, but he looks none the less "great" to me, for this peep at his unright private life.

Our jaded steeds (ever jaded—whether morning, noon or night) are hooked up and we return to Agra by 4 P.M. Ever in Jesus,

Again we met the 99 names of Allah, on Akbar's tomb—carved in exquisite squares of Arabic characters on the cenotaph. On both cenotaph, above and sarcophagus, below, the Kalamdan or "pen box" occupies the centre of the smooth flat surface of the top of both. It is very significant—this symbol on Mohammedan coffins. I can tell you how it impresses one with its silent appeal to Him who alone can write above any human being what he is in truth. Epitaphs are synonymous for lies, so often, as man writes them in partial love, or kindness of heart, that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The Mohammedan conception might teach us Christians a lesson. A name—a date—a text of scripture—that is perhaps all one has a right to carve upon the unduring stone, to have sure that no untruth is perpetuated by the chiseled marble.

The garden at Secundra is neatly kept and the flowers of varied hue blossoming beside the broad stone causeway, interspersed with the orange and pomegranate, are very grateful to the eye, wedged with the glare of the road by which we come to this lovely spot. The walk, overshadowed with the mango, palm, peepul and tamarind trees, are most pleasant introductions to the architectural treat before one, in the inspection of the central pyramid of terraces, with their endless variety of adornment. And I can tell you how it enhances the pleasure of going over these magnificent relics of the past, to know that they are monuments of the prowess and genius of my "kindred according to the flesh." For "blood is thicker than water," and I am glad it is. I would not give much for a man who was not "proud of his kin." I am not ashamed to say I am proud of mine, because they are so dear to God for "the Father's sake."

The spot, where Akbar sat, surrounded by his intimates, after the studies of durbar were over, above the stately gateway of the Secundra bagh, is yet pointed out, and then, he, loved to come, until he went through the grand Gothic archway for the last time, and returned no more to rule an Empire; for he had surrendered, in turn, to the grim conqueror who rules all but God, and those whom God makes more than conquerors, through eternal love and his glorious gift of Life through Death. Ever in Jesus,

LEAVING the garden of Secundra, according to the cheerful custom of these Emperors of old—laying their bones where they had enjoyed themselves most in life—we have one of the most elegant memorials of those gorgeous times.

The superb mausoleum of Akbar is in the exact centre of this 20 acre garden, approached by 4 broad causeways, converging from the 4 gateways that stand on the 4 several sides of the noble quadrangle. The whole is geometrically exact, and the effect most impressive. The gateways are not alike in grandeur of size or elaborate ness of adornment; that to the south, being the chief one, and in every way a fitting entrance to the magnificence within. The Gothic arch—which belongs to Israel, as much as the Temple at Jerusalem did—is here in perfection; admitting under its superb stretch to a domed apartment of lofty dimensions; which passed, one makes exit by another arch of like pattern. The road-front of this palace gateway is adorned with many colored marbles, let into the red sandstone, and displaying unique and symmetrical patterns, most pleasing to the eye; while the garden front is hardly less ornamental and elegant.

Four graceful, white marble minarets surmount the 4 corners, which when perfect must have almost rivaled the incomparable towers at the Taj. But they have been easily defaced by the Hindoo conquerors, who for a brief space held the capital of the Moghuls when their empire fell to pieces; before the last and strongest master of all took possession—the Anglo Isrealites—who held it to day. The Rajah of Bhurtpur turned his cannon upon these graceful minarets, in pure wantonness, and knocked off the dome crowned pavilions, with many feet of the exquisite marble work beneath. The four—were stumps—perhaps 50 feet in height remaining, still tell how perfectly the symmetry and finish of the original towers were.

They won't do Marie; she won't do," said the man of the house, just in time to upset the negotiations between the mistress and a now nursery maid.

"Why, dear, don't you like he?"

"She's not young enough."

"That's why I was engaging her. She's not young."

"That's why I object."

"Hasty, what do you mean?"

"I want a young, pretty, bright girl, with a white apron and pretty nose."

"Oh, no; I suppose you do."

"You are wrong, my dear. I do not mean that."

"What?"

"Your tone was significant. No. I have a theory. I think that children grow up a great deal like the people who take care of them."

"Oh," and she began to cry, "I suppose you don't like to have your children grow up like their mother!"

"My dear, don't be ridiculous. I mean that they get to speak and act like nurses, and I wish my children to have no mannerism that will be offensive."

"What kind of a nurse did you have, Henry?"

"Madam," he said, rather confusedly, "I had a colored nurse, but it doesn't work with boys!"

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Stanford, Ky., March 16, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

The men Murphy and Ford, officers of the court, who conspired with the judge to murder their political opponents and did shoot one down in cold blood on the streets of New Orleans, suffered the extreme penalty of the law in that city Friday. The execution was a most miserable spectacle. The two men took poison with suicidal intent early in the day. The doctors came and labored for hours to restore them to consciousness, but failed in their charitable intent. When the appointed time came the culprits were carried out to the scaffold in a limp and unconscious condition and suspended, as they sat in chairs. The history of this case shows that position and influence count for naught in one of the Southern States at least. The judge who is a brother to one of the executed men, is serving a term of 20 years in the penitentiary for his part in the conspiracy and tried to save the neck of his brother after he was himself convicted, by swearing that he did the killing himself. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the Board of Pardons to get the death sentence suspended, but the law and facts were against the accused and a petition bearing 27,000 names availed them not. The execution is a terrible vindication of the outraged law, which will go a long way towards deterring others from such crimes. The morals and reputation of our own State would be greatly improved if it could be shown that men of high places and those with money who commit crime will be punished as the common people, but it will never be, so long as our jury laws remain as they are, and the Court of Appeals continues to hunt for technicalities instead of considering the facts and justice, with a weak executive to fall back upon when these usually reliable binders of the law fail to rescue the murderer. We need a change and a new deal all around, but we can expect no aid in that direction from the present Legislature.

THE evils of our assessment laws are shown to our disadvantage in comparison with other States. The New York Sun taking the figures on the value of horses says: The heaviest blow at the State of Kentucky has been dealt by the United States Commissioner of Agriculture. That officer reports that whereas the average value of a Pennsylvania farm horse is \$410 and that of an Illinois farm horse \$75.21, that animal in Kentucky, so long regarded as unrivaled in its horse-flesh, is worth only \$63.69. Thus the superstitious of by-gone ages fade away before the "bright sunlight of publicity." But whatever may befall the blue-grass, the Star-eyed Goddess, peerless maiden, will remain Kentucky's and hers alone, notwithstanding the Kentucky Senate has condemned the proposition to reduce the tariff on hemp.

PROF. H. K. TAYLOR, of the Logan Female College at Russellville, is announced in this issue as a candidate for the democratic nomination for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. A young and energetic man, who has devoted his life to the advancement of educational interests, imbued with the conviction that a vigorous, live administration of the office will inspire a better sentiment and better facilities and fully capable to discharge the duties of the important office, he enters the race determined to win and judging from the large following he had for the office before the last convention, his prospects are flattering. He is a born democrat, a polished gentleman and a fine scholar.

THE Louisville Commercial strike centre when it says that "Most that has been written and said against the working of convicts is the sheerest demagogery, proceeding either from want of information or from minister designs." The small politicians and the malcontents, who are never so happy than when stirring up strife are at the head of the business. They do not care for the poor laboring man half as much as the republican party care for the negro, though they are animated by the same motive, to advance their own interests with him.

SOME miscreant hit a sentinel with a rock the other night and he returned the salute with a shot from his musket, which called all of the soldiers to arms at Greenwood and they spent a sleepless night. The following night a dynamite bomb was exploded, which created another scare, but up to this time nobody has been seriously hurt. The garrison has been increased 40 soldiers and no trouble is expected. The miners and those who aspire to lead them met Jellico Saturday and passed resolution that the convicts must go from there, and all other mines in the State.

"Gov. Knott knows more constitutional law than all the lawyers on this floor," said Representative Straus of Bellfont, the other day in speaking against the motion to pass the Pleuro-pneumonia bill over the governor's veto. It is hard to tell whether this remark is much of a compliment or not. If any of the legislators know anything of any kind of law they have not shown it since the session began. In fact they not only seem to be ignorant of the law, but indifferent to the demands of common right and justice.

A BILL to exempt additional property from execution has passed the House. Every legislative adds to this list and we hope the day is not far distant when no debt can be made by law. Then the infernal credit system will necessarily end.

THEY all do it. The Virginia Legislature has voted down a proposition making the firing of railway passes to members of the State Government a misdemeanor.

THE welcoming speech on the part of the management of the New Orleans Exposition to Rex the King of the Carnival was made by J. Soule Smith, in his usual happy vein. Falcon is apparently as much of an orator as he is a most ornate and facile writer.

AN exchange thinks that Kentucky is fortunate in having reached the bottom of her treasury, as the Legislature is sure to adjourn before long. God grant it.

To the Democracy of the 8th Judicial District.

By virtue of the authority vested in me as Chairman of the Committee of the 8th Judicial District, I hereby declare after a careful examination of the official returns, that J. W. Alcorn received a majority of all the votes cast for Circuit Judge and R. C. Warren a majority of all cast for Commonwealth's Attorney at the primary election held March 6th, 1886, and that they are therefore the democratic candidates for their respective offices.

J. E. LYNN,
Chairman Democratic Committee 8th Judicial District.

Below is the official vote by counties:

| COUNTIES. | Alcorn. | Van Winkle. | Warren. | Wade. |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Boyle | 342 | 655 | 640 | 385 |
| Casey | 223 | 225 | 199 | 250 |
| Gardiner | 670 | 342 | 322 | 202 |
| Hancock | 310 | 108 | 249 | 171 |
| Russell | 67 | 176 | 187 | 65 |
| Pulaski | 881 | 531 | 156 | 1387 |
| Wayne | 200 | 61 | 164 | 655 |
| Total. | 4081 | 2756 | 3471 | 3241 |
| Majorities. | 1525 | 50 | | |

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—There are eight different bills to provide the whipping post as a punishment for larceny.

—The House passed the Pleuro-pneumonia Bill by a vote of 53 to 35 over the Governor's veto.

—Mr. Bobbitt has presented a bill providing for flood-gates in dam on Green River in this and Casey counties.

—The House withdrew the resolution to adjourn on April Fool Day, 53 to 31. We knew it would. Mr. Bobbitt voted 'aye.'

—There is a possibility that if the convicts were all put into the Legislature they would not be found to interfere with any honest labor.—[Louisville Commercial.]

—The Pulaski county mob is so considerate as to agree that convicts may be employed "constructing railroads, canals and levees," provided they are kept from working coal mines. It is impossible to put the convicts at any work in which they will not conflict with "honest labor." Coal mining is the most suitable work for them, and if the State allows them to be driven from that work, it must prepare to keep them unemployed inside the prison walls.—[Nelson Record.]

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—On the Gould system of railroads 37,000 men are on a strike.

—The Court of Appeals decides the Louisville registration law unconstitutional.

—Remington Dedman, who lived near Burgin, was mashed to death by a saw log rolling over him.

—Bradstreet's agency reports over fifty thousand men idle east of the Rocky Mountains on account of strikes.

—The Senate Committee on Civil Service has reported adversely Senator Vance's bill repealing the Civil Service law.

—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have in their organization 18,000 out of the 22,000 engineers in the country.

—Cincinnati is to have two branch post-offices after April 1, one to be located at Avondale and the other at North Fairmount.

—Gov. Knott has appointed Friday, April 23, as the day for the execution of Robert Fowler for the murder of his niece, Lydia Burnett.

—The steamer Ike Bonham blew up near Vicksburg, killing the mate and a number of deck hands, besides wounding many others.

—John E. Ellis, who murdered C. E. Stoneystreet because he boasted of criminal intimacy with Ellis' wife, was acquitted at La Grange.

—The indebtedness to-day of sixty-two cities in the United States having a population of 20,000 and upwards, amounts to the startling sum of \$519,000,000.

—The Dime Savings Bank at New Brunswick, N. J., has defaulted for \$80,000 and the depositors, principally poor people, are robbed of their hard earnings.

—In Gallatin, Tenn., the Sumner House burned, setting fire to a large number of other buildings, some of which were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.

—Tom Henry, the drunken clerk of the Court of Appeals, was fined \$5 by the Louisville city court for disorderly conduct and required to give bail in the sum of \$100.

—As required by law, Secretary Lamar has submitted to Congress a list of 4,500 Indian depreciation claims. The total number of claims call for an amount approximating \$15,000,000.

—A daring express robbery was committed on the Chicago & Rock Island railroad by masked men, who killed the messenger and rifled the safe of its contents, estimated at from \$25,000 to \$100,000.

—A cave containing about three hundred prairie wolves was attacked by a party of hunters, near Lawrence, Kansas, and about a hundred of the animals shot as they were driven out of their winter quarters.

—The anti-Chinese convention at Sacramento demands that the Government absolutely and immediately prohibit all Chinese invasion of this country, and declares in favor of boycotting all who employ Chinese or use the products of Chinese labor.

—Miss Frances Willard, the most fami-

—The fine steamship Oregon collided with a schooner East of Fire Island and sank. Although there were 800 persons on board, no lives were lost.

—The strike at Paducah of the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern road is ended, the company agreeing to make an advance in wages of 7 per cent.

—The latest news from the primary election in the Eighteenth Judicial district indicates majorities for Russell for Judge and for Commonwealth's Attorney.

—The trial of W. F. and W. B. Moss for the murder of Arch Harper, a celebrated case in Tennessee, has resulted at Gallatin in a sentence of W. B. Moss to jail for one day. Harper had slandered young Moss' sister.

—Blair's \$77,000,000 Education bill has been laid away to rest by the House Committee. It will not be taken up for consideration at all until the third Friday in April, and then it is pretty sure to have a majority of the Committee against it.

—Mr. David Rice, of Lee county, Ia., eighty one years old, has taken out a license to marry Mrs. Davidson, who previous to his marriage was guilty to eighty years. It would seem that this Rice is ripening for the harvest of death rather than for the meshes of Cupid.

—An important factor of the evidence of the case of H. M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, the alleged murderer of Charles Preller, disappeared. It is the chamois money-belt which Preller wore about his body just previous to his death, and which was afterward found in one of Maxwell's trunks.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Smiley & Peter sell the best coal at lowest prices.

—Gibbons keeps the best selection of wall paper found anywhere. See his "ad" in next issue.

—Jo Haas, dealer in furs &c., sold recently to eastern parties his stock of skunk, coon, mink and other skins for \$8,000.

—Mr. John W. Yerkes has entered public life, having been appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of the town of Danville.

—In the County Court this morning Mrs. Martha A. West qualified as executrix of the last will and testament of her late husband, M. Q. West.

—Bette Cahl was drunk Sunday night and tried to take possession of the Cincinnati Southern depot. For this she was put in jail and will be tried this (Monday) evening.

—Dr. Harry Cowan, while driving a young horse, was thrown from the buggy and had his right leg broken just above the ankle. Surgeons speak of the break as Potts' fracture.

—Mrs. Tilly Murphy, who went to Pittsburgh on Thursday to see her mother, arrived there just in time to see her alive. A telegram was received Sunday morning announcing her death.

—Mr. B. F. Armstrong and Miss Emma A. Watson obtained license to marry this morning. Mr. Armstrong is a railroad man and lives in Lexington and Miss Watson's people live at Moreland station in Lincoln county. They will be married at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening next.

—The venerable Isaac Shelby, Sr., who has passed his 91st year, is in quite a feeble condition of health at the home of his son, John W. Shelby. Mr. Jas. R. Carrigan has been confined to his room for a week past with something like intermitent fever. Mr. W. D. Moore, who is convalescing from a severe spell of typhoid fever, has gone South for the benefit of his health.

—Ryan Commandery No. 17, will tonight confer the order of the Red Cross on the following named gentleman: C. B. Forman, W. H. Coppage, Fred Cooke, Theo. B. Coppage and Z. Jones, of Somerset, and Messrs. Harry Phillips and L. C. Alcorn, of this place, R. E. Jas. M. Saffell, of Frankfort, Grand Commander of the State, and Past Gr. Commander, W. L. Thomas, of Lexington, will be present and assist in the ceremonies.

—Mr. Theo. Farrand, of Lebanon, is here visiting his mother and other relatives. Mr. John M. Polk, a former citizen of Danville, now of the banking firm of Harry Spoke & Co., Elizabethtown, was in town several days last week. Mr. James McKay, of Jacksonville, Ill., is visiting his cousin, Mr. H. C. Mock, of this county. Mr. McKay is a native of Danville, but went to Illinois when a small boy with his parents. Miss Bertie Letcher, of Henderson, is visiting her brother, Dr. J. H. Letcher, of this place. Mrs. M. C. Thurmond, is visiting friends near Shelbyville. Mr. D. S. Hinman has returned from a visit to his children, who live with his mother at Wilmington, Ohio. Prof. J. H. Johnson, of the D. & D. Institute who last week went to his former home in Talledge, Ala., for the improvement of his health, has been heard from since his arrival. He stood the trip very well and is getting better. Miss Belle Chenault entertained a number of friends at tea Friday evening at the residence of her grand father, Mr. Richard W. Givens.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

—Lancaster.

—The City Hall was leased Saturday to M. D. Hughes for the ensuing year. The rent paid was \$205.

—Miss Amanda Anderson will give a basket supper at her school house near Lowell on the evening of the 19th. All should attend.

—Marriage license were issued to the following parties by our county clerk last week: Rice Ross and Miss Eliza J. Woods, Moees Simpson and Miss Emily J. Turner, James A. Calico and Miss Fannie Bryant.

—The Owley Rifles are resting on arms, so to speak, expecting a summons to go to the bloody battle ground of Greenwood or Jellico. The Captain has been notified to be ready to march at a moment's notice in case he should be called upon.

—Subsidies for unnecessary and demagogic "internal improvements."

—These are danger signals which mark spots in the ice through which the careless skater may get a very chilly ducking.—[Courier-Journal.]

ous temperance lecturer in the world, will deliver a lecture on temperance at the Christian church Thursday evening next. She comes here under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

—The Lancaster young ladies have organized a "Tongue Guard" Society, one of the rules being a fine of a shilling against any member who shall talk about her neighbor. The proceeds are to be donated to the Widow's and Orphan's Home, of Louisville.

—Miss Allie Dunn, of Danville, is visiting Mrs. J. C. Thompson. Mr. J. C. Hempill is removing to his new residence on Lexington street this morning. Mrs. R. R. West will shortly join her husband in Washington City. Mr. West's appointment to a clerkship in the Treasury Department will not prevent his theological studies while in that place.

Facon's Flight of Fancy.

Describing a walk on St. Charles street, New Orleans, Falcon says: On some of the porches were lovers. I thought they were lovers, for the day and the surroundings were enough to make one love his grandmother, and when a fellow sat up in the shadow of the sun-dappled vines close to a maid, whose dainty slippers half out from her coquettish skirt, showing just a gleam of white hose, and she looked at him with languid eyes, and her round, red lips seemed to kiss each other for want of something better to do, and her sighs floated through the yielding atmosphere like a gulf stream of aromatic rose leaves, he would be a cussed fool if he didn't make love to the divine creature who sat beside him. I presume these people here make love to one another just like we do in Kentucky, and the way I saw some of them devouring each other with their eyes made me feel as if I wouldn't object to being one of themselves provided I had not gone out of that line of business long ago. Even now, old as I am, I wouldn't let a pretty girl burden the air with sighs all around about me without telling her what thought of her, for I am determined that I will not sit still and let any woman hit me.

But, of course, nobody tried to bite me. I have long ago learned that if a fellow will let the women alone they will not be apt to chase him down with slath-hounds. Of a verity there are exceptions to this rule, but they are few. I know perhaps half a dozen men in Kentucky who have to dodge their female admirers, but I know a hundred times as many who are always standing around with their mouths open waiting for a plum to drop, when the plum has no idea of dropping. And however it may be with others, it never cost me any wear and tear of shoe leather to get away from the gentler sex. They have always treated me with distinguished consideration, and never forced their kind offices upon me. Sometimes I have wished that they would press matters a little, for I am very obtuse and need to be knocked down with a hint.—[Times.]

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., March 16, 1886

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mill train going North 1:55 P. M.
" " South 1:15 P. M.
Express train " South 1:20 A. M.
" " North 2:05 A. M.

The time is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH's Garden Seeds at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Haas Hog Kennedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of Jewelry, latest styles. 111 Main Street, Lexington. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. F. M. ANSLEY is the guest of Mrs. Kate Duddler.

Mrs. T. A. GRESHAM, of Livingston, is visiting the Misses Carpenter.

Mrs. W. R. REACH has returned from a visit to relatives at Junction City.

MISS DELLA RAMSEY, a Richmond beauty, is visiting Mrs. J. M. Phillips.

Mr. LOUIS H. RAMSEY and wife, of Lexington, are on a visit to their parents.

MISS LUCY TATE and Anna Shanks were up from Daughters College on a visit.

Mrs. MURPHY returned from Rock Castle Springs yesterday and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John S. Hughes.

CAPT. E. W. LILLARD and Bob Elkin, of Lancaster, were here Sunday to see about orders for the Owsley Rifles to go to the front.

MR. JONES GRIMES has severed connection with the First National Bank at Elizabethtown and is at home enjoying a long needed rest.

MISS SUADE BEARLEY leaves today for Louisville to buy her spring stock of millinery. She will be gone two weeks, during which time Mrs. Moody Hardin will attend to her business.

PROF. AND MRS. JAMES B. WALTON, of Danville, with their interesting children, Jennie and Eddie and little nephew, were up Saturday to see their cousin, Mrs. I. N. Vaughan, of Richmond, Va.

REPRESENTATIVE BONUITT was here yesterday and when asked why he had not done better than he has replied, "I might be able to accomplish much good, but when 99 men are pulling the other way, it is difficult to do so."

THE rink and dance were very largely attended Friday night both by the home and visiting young people. Among the visitors were Misses Dally Ramsey, Richmond, Allie Dann, Danville, Annie Logan, Knoxville, and Misses Basie Drye, Belle Cook, Jessie Cook, Cle Logan, Jude Weatherford, Jessie Reid, Julia Bradley and J. B. Cook, June Reid, Shack Huffman, Wolford Drye, Wm. Hocker, Leslie Reed, June Flocker, Geo. Weatherford, Dan Drye, of Hustonville, and Miss Ray Fox, Sam Joseph and Will Ossley, of Lancaster.

LOCAL MATTERS.

GARDEN for rent. Mrs. N. A. Tyree.

"P. & M." CIGAR at Waters & Raney's.

BORN, to the wife of T. J. Bosley, a girl.

THE finest green tea in town at 8. S Myers.

THE new water elevator at W. H. Higgins is the "boss."

LOST.—A pair of spectacles. Finder will please return to W. H. Higgins.

Don't fail to see Improved one horse corn planter at W. H. Higgins', for drooping in the cross or drilling.

We have cut the price on everything in our line to correspond with the times. Call and be convinced. Metcalf & Foster.

THE case of the Commonwealth against J. S. Singleton for malicious cutting with intent to kill Francis Vaught, was tried at Waynesburg Saturday and resulted in the dismissal of the defendant. Judge T. P. Hill represented the Commonwealth and W. E. Varnon the defense. Vaught will recover.

AN EFFORT TO BITE THE BITER.—There is a young man here who delights to work the boys into unpleasant situations from which they have to extricate themselves by sudden and rapid flight, to realize that they have been on a regular wild goose chase. The victims have made many efforts to get even with him, but he would never bite, declaring always that it would be a cold day if they ever got him. The last effort was as follows and we leave it to the reader to decide if he was caught at his own game: The boys told him they wanted to have a little fun out of the new clerk recently arrived from Louisville by trying a game of bluff on him. The new comer had been previously posted and when the apparently angry joker demanded an explanation of a damaging remark, he put a loaded pistol in his face and defied him. This unloosed for denunciation from the blood of the hero of so many practical jokes, the boys say, and he stood transfixed with frightened surprise, but he says he looked into the little gun's mouth and carelessly remarked, "Let her go—shoot." The affair created more merriment than anything that has occurred here for a long time and the boys swear that they are even with the joker at last, while the young man prides himself on the fact that he "didn't run" so as many of his victims have done before him.

N. Y. SEED Potatoes. T. R. Walton.

HARNESS and SADDLERY regardless of cost. Metcalf & Foster.

A NEW postoffice has been established at Moreland, with J. H. Minks as postmaster. READ the low prices advertised by Ware & Vanhook McKinney. They seem to have struck bottom at last.

ALCORN'S majority is 1,325 and Warren's even 50. We figured the first at 1,250 and the latter at 60, which is pretty close all around.

The most delightful weather has prevailed for the last two days and farmers and gardeners are getting ready for the spring campaign.

PATRONIZE first hands." We call attention to the largest line of harness, saddles, plow gear &c., of our own make ever shown. We propose to guarantee them and sell them cheaper than any city or ready made work. Call and get prices before making your purchases. W. R. Carson & Son.

DAN GRAY, who is charged with the killing of Jerry Stivers and Theophilus Benge, was lodged in jail here yesterday for safe keeping by the Sheriff of Clay county, where the deed was committed. A brother of Gray was killed at the same time and he himself was shot and cut severely. The jury hung on one of the indictments against him and the other was continued.

It has been evident for some time that Mr. W. G. Dunn was losing his mind, but his friends disliked to admit the fact. His mania seems of late to be to imagine that he is immensely wealthy and to buy everything he can from horses to Jewsharp and spectacles and give checks on banks in which he has no money. His doctor advised his wife to return to her parents last week, which she did and Mr. Dunn continued to purchase property until Saturday, when his father swore out a writ of lunacy against him. He was tried at Lancaster yesterday and adjudged insane and sent to the asylum at Lexington. It is one of the saddest cases on record.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The spring term of this court began yesterday and in the absence of Judge Oswey, who telegraphed that he was detained by sickness, Judge Varnon was elected special judge and Judge Breckinridge appeared as representative of Commonwealth's Attorney Warren. The following grand jurors were then sworn and charged in a very forcible and complete manner by Judge B.:

John O. Neal, foreman, J. T. Rignay, W. P. Grimes, Joseph McClay, E. T. Pease, A. M. Pierce, J. D. Myers, F. M. Ware, M. J. Murphy, J. M. Hall, J. E. Bruce, J. G. Smith, Jerry Briscoe, T. W. Miller, F. M. Yowell, John Edmiston, The standing jurors were then selected as follows:

L. K. Welles, R. L. Porter, B. F. Powell, T. J. Hill, J. E. Lynn, J. S. Bosley, G. L. Carter, John Turnbull, J. F. Cash, J. W. Bailey, Richard Bubb, David Peoples, W. M. Higgins, G. D. Hopper, E. B. Beasley, Sidney Dunbar, Joseph Swope, Frank McClary, John Good, P. T. Pollard, C. B. Sampson, L. L. Dawson, G. T. McRoberts, C. C. Bishop, The 50 cases on yesterday's docket were called over but not one was tried. Several were filed away and one or two set for future days. There is no case of importance this court and the prospect is that it will be a very dull term.

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—The National Society of the American Sunday-school Union is vigorously prosecuting its work in the neglected portions of the country. During the past year 1,800 new Sunday-schools have been organized and 75,000 teachers and attendants gathered in; 4,700 feeble schools have been visited, encouraged and aided; 18,000 bibles and testaments distributed; 8,900 addresses delivered and 33,700 families visited.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—Hay for sale. J. M. Bruce.

—Corn for sale. M. S. Peyton, Stanford.

—A few more Jersey cows for sale. J. G. Carpenter.

—FOR SALE—14 good work mules. J. F. & B. G. Gover, Stanford.

—Twenty-five or thirty tons of nice timothy hay, baled, for sale. J. Bright, Stanford.

—R. S. Veech has secured the stud services of the great stallion, Director, for three years at \$18,000.

—At Danville court yesterday there were about 400 cattle on market; most of them were sold. Calves brought \$15 to \$20; 2-year-olds \$40 to \$45; scrub 2-year-olds \$20 to \$25. A few horses brought from \$80 to \$120. Jno. Wood bought of J. C. Johnson, 28 head of calves at \$15.

—Estimates on the world's wheat crop for 1885, embracing 27 countries, are before us. The estimated crop is 1,960,200,000 bushels; average crop for the past five years, 2,163,000,000 bushels; net exports of wheat and flour, 262,000,000 bushels; net imports of wheat and flour, 295,628,000 bushels; population in all these countries combined, 586,800,000. The United States and Canada rank first in productiveness in 1885, growing 392,000,000 bushels, while France holds second place at 304,000,000 British India and Russia coming next in order.

The population of Rome on the 1st of July, 1884, was 320,540; on the 1st July, 1885, it had become 330,600. The increase in the number of houses and streets has been and continues to be, something phenomenal, and there is every prospect that the future increase will be still more rapid.

THOSE indebted to the firm of Bright & Metcalf will please call and settle their account as I am about to leave Stanford. H. C. Bright.

THE well known firm of Ware & Vanhook give a list of some of the low prices they offer, in another column. They are straight and reliable men and make no promises they can not fully redeem.

STRAWBERRY Plants for sale. Old standard varieties one dollar per hundred, also fine new seedling for a large yield of choice fruit. I have not seen its equal. Price five dollars per hundred. Address J. T. Hackley, Danville, Ky.

DEATHS.

—Mrs. Dr. E. D. Standiford is dead at Louisville.

—The entire community was shocked yesterday morning to learn of the sudden death of one of its most beloved citizens. Mr. James Paxton, than whom a better man never lived, quietly breathed his last at 4 o'clock and a long and useful life was ended—the faithful servant of a loving Master had been called to his glorious reward. He was nearly 68 years of age, more than 40 of which was spent in the service of the Lord, for after professing religion and attaching himself to the Presbyterian church, he followed faithfully the command: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." This he did unconsciously for he was a most modest and retiring man, but in all church matters, in charitable enterprises and in assisting the poor and afflicted, he was ever ready and no call was ever made on him in vain. For many years he had been elder of his church and it was a rare occurrence to see his accustomed seat vacant at any of the services, not omitting the Sunday school, in which he took great interest. In all the walks of life, as neighbor, friend, husband and father, he was a model man and many other hearts will bleed than those of his immediate relatives. A wife and three children, Joseph B., Mattie and Bettie Paxton, survive him and but for the sustaining power of faith they would be crushed with the weight of the loss to them irreparable. Mr. Paxton had been ill with malaria and muscular rheumatism for two or three weeks though no fears of his death were entertained, but the rheumatism attacked his heart a few hours before his death and rendered his case hopeless at once. The funeral sermon will be preached at his late residence at 3 o'clock this evening by Rev. A. S. Moffett after which the remains will be laid away in Buffalo Springs Cemetery. No man has died in this community for years whose loss will be felt more sensibly and none who has left a more enduring heritage of a good name to a loving family.

—Mrs. C. R. Mahley, the widow of the great clothing man, was married to the Rev. Mr. Spears at New York Tuesday. Old man Mahley left an estate valued at \$500,000 and this was too much even for the preachers to withstand without making an effort for. Alas, how soon are we forgot if we leave our widows well supplied with ducats! Mahley has been dead but six months.

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HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—We had on Sunday the phenomenon of clear skies and a genial atmosphere.

—J. W. Given has returned from the South and reports ready sales of stock at pretty fair prices.

—Miss Naomi Cooper died Monday morning at 3 o'clock, aged about 65 years. For more than half a century she lived and labored for the welfare of others. She has gone to her rest leaving a stainless record.

—Our accommodating railroad agent, E. Fishback, is securing liberal rates from all quarters to the points of embarkation, for all persons who contemplate the Salt River voyage; but is unable to promise return tickets.

—Teachers will please take notice that the draft for 60 percent has been received. Those holding claims need only enclose them to me at Hustonville in order to secure their money. I expect to be in Stanford Friday and Saturday next.

—Our town was visited on Sunday by Messrs. J. T. Carson, H. B. Wilson, Grover Clegg and George Dunn, of Stanford, and Wimman and McDowell, of Danville. Misses Bettie and Mc. Logan are making arrangements for a permanent residence in Louisville.

—Dr. Brown yielded so far last fall to popular sentiment on the theory of keeping apples without expenditure of care or labor, as to leave a few barrels lying in his lot. He opened one a few days since and was not surprised to find the whole thing an utter failure. I don't remember what he said.

—TO THE DEMOCRACY OF LINCOLN.

The County Committee having decided that it has no right to go behind the returns in the jailer's race, it becomes my duty as it is also a pleasure, to announce and ask at a cordial support of the following democratic candidates for county offices, they having received pleniarities of the votes cast at the primary election held the 6th of March.

J. E. LYNN, Ch'm'a Democratic County Committee.

For County Judge,

HORSE FAIR IN IRELAND.

A TOLERABLY FAIR SAMPLE OF PAN-
DEMONIUM LET LOOSE.

Every conceivable class of men and horses present—Two men shake hands—What it means—England and Ireland driving a bargain—Blinding.

To a novice an Irish fair appears to be pan-demonium let loose. The main street is the showground and ride, and a convenient field, with a stone wall or two, serves the purposes of the manager. Such a whooping and yelling! Drows of wild young colts, rough, unkempt looking animals rushing madly about, with Pat riding barebacked across a glove, with nothing but a bit of a twig and a halter for a bridle. Every conceivable class of animal is here, both biped and quadruped. The hunter, which, if properly got up, will fetch in England a couple of hundred, is sold by side with a screw not worth as many pence, and the marten of the dealer's yard may be seen in close confabulation with what looks like a prime dynamite; while above all the din and jangle floats an aroma of whisky and tobacco, to say nothing of blarney and bad language.

But what is going on in the corner of the wall? A small crowd is gathered there, and from your position you can just make out one of the men who crossed in the boat standing opposite a true son of Erin in the middle of a small ring, and seemingly either fighting or endeavoring to shake him to the ground? You can not quite make out the present—What? You can not quite make out the present—The crowd breaks up with a cheer, and you can see plainly now the two men shake hands, and to your surprise money passes between them. Can it have been a prize-fight at all? No, it is only a deal, and if we come a little nearer to this now lot that are forming a ring we shall see. As we approach a lane is formed, and the vision of a flying colt appears, ridden bare-backed by a bright-looking lad. Over the wall is the order, and Pat, steadyng his mount, takes it in first-class form. Then the crowd closes in, and two figures stand opposite each other—England and Ireland.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND BARGAINING.
"Well, what's the price?" says England. "It's just the fondest little horse in the fair this day, and I'll not be selling him under £100, and that's dirt-cheap," replies Ireland, holding out his hand. "Forty," says England, making a dive at the pav. Ireland is too quick, however, and snatches it away before England can grasp it, saying at the same time with an air of disdain: "Forty? and for a baste like that that the lord lieutenant would be proud to be seen on. Is it trying to blarney me that you are! I'll just let you have it for £100 pounds, and not a penny less," and out goes the hand again. This time England springs a tenner, and the same pantomime is gone through, with the exception that England nearly catches the out-stretched member this time, and raises a laugh and "Mind your eye, Pat," from the crowd. After every bid this goes on, and at sixty-five England catches Ireland by the hand and shakes it heartily, thereby signifying that it is a deal. The crowd cheer, and the two go off together to cement the bargain with a "slip of the cratur."

This is the way most of the deals are carried on, and it is an unwritten law that if you happen to be quick enough to catch hold of the hand of your offer the horse becomes your property for the amount of your bid. Scottish Agricultural Gazette.

GOATS, CLASSICS AND MANUAL LABOR.
The will of the late Rev. David Abel, of Burlington, N. J., recently probated, provides for the establishment of a Bible temperance school for the thorough classical education of young people of both sexes, at which the pupils may, by manual labor, pay such part of the school expenses as may be considered advisable. The executor is directed to devote large parts of the grounds of the school as may be found advisable to the pasturing and propagation of goats, in order to encourage the use of their flesh as food in the place of that of swine.—Chicago Herald.

TELEGRAPHING FROM MOVING TRAINS.
The very latest invention that seems to have commercial value is by Thomas A. Edison, and consists of a device for telegraphing to and from moving trains. It is not by induction from a wire running near the cars, but the message is made to jump from the top of the cars to one of the ordinary wires strung on poles twenty-five to sixty feet away, whence it goes to its destination, and the message and the answer jump back across the chain in the same marvelous way. It has been put on a Staten Island train, and is said to work with entire success.—Frank Lee's Illustrated.

UNIVERSITY OF JAPANESE ADVERTISING.
Advertising in Japan sometimes attains a height of originality and force unsurpassed in the most progressive country. A book-seller of Tokio advertises: "Books elegant as a swinging girl. Print clear as crystal. Paper tough as an elephant's hide. Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on your husband by a loving wife." and other advantages which, it is strange to say, the advertiser finds "too many for language to express"—Foreign Letter.

CONTAINED TWELVE PAIRS OF BROTHERS.
A story is related of a Connecticut infantry company in the war of the rebellion which is believed to be without a parallel. The company, which was recruited in the town of Greenwich, had no less than twelve pairs of brothers in its ranks. There were, in addition, three instances in which father and son stood side by side and three brothers-in-law.—Chicago Times.

POPULARITY OF A SUCCESSFUL PRINCE.
Prince Alexander, the successful, is much beloved by his Bulgarian subjects, whatever might have been their disposition toward him and his soldiers been defeated. A German heliotype company has just received an order from an art dealer in Sophia for 30,000 cahier size photographs of the prince.—Chicago Times.

SHE WAS EVIDENTLY EMBARRASSED.
A Boston girl was recently introduced to Lieutenant Denshaw, and in her confusion said nothing to say but, "I suppose you found it very cold at the north pole."—New York Paper.

THE DANGER THERE MIGHT BE.
Fayre writes to a would-be patient that "a dog of a healthy dog may contain microbes sufficient to cause an abscess and sometimes septic blood poisoning."—Cleveland Leader.

Nearly 80,000 acres of land under water along the Connecticut shore have been sold by the state to oyster growers.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

We had heard the night-birds calling in the thickets far away, While the shades of eve were falling, while the twilight gathered gray, And the scented gales of gloaming wafted secrets from the sea, And the first pale star was gleaming in a golden mystery.

Then a holy calm enwraps us, and blissful silence fell; Far away the doves were 'plaining, doored the beetle in the dell.

Ah! the words that are not uttered, like the songs that are not sung, Are more musical in cadence than are known to mortal tongue.

All that bygone time we dreamt of, when the earth was fresh and young, And great Pan beside the river piped the rustling reeds among. There were nymphs in the streamlets, there were dryads in the trees, And the apples still hung golden in the fair Hesperides.

We are wiser; we have banished from their haunts the gods of old; All that wondering faith has vanished with the outworn Age of Gold; Yet, when moonlight winds are blowing, lovers' voices, blending low, Murmur still the same old story Paris whispered long ago.

—J. W. in Chambers' Journal.

A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

A Dealer Who Wanted an Errand Boy—Questions and Answers.

"You say you live with your parents," said a china dealer who was putting a lot of youngsters through a civil service examination for the position of errand boy in his establishment. "And you are quick at figures?"

"Yes." "Now, suppose I had dropped around the corner to get lunch, and a lady should come along who wished to purchase two dozen cups and saucers at \$1.50 a dozen."

"Yes." "After agreeing to take the goods she hands you a \$5 note. How much change would you return to her?"

"Two dozen cups and saucers?" asked the boy, gazing toward the ceiling.

"That's what I said."

"She must be a boardin'-house keeper to—" "Never mind what she is. How much change would you hand her?" asked the dealer.

"A dollar and a half a dozen?"

"Yes, yes. Now then?"

"Don't you think that's pretty high for—" "Never mind whether it's high or low. How much money would you return to the lady?"

"But then \$5 might be bad," ejaculated the boy, winking at the store cat.

"We will suppose the bill to be good," said the dealer, sharply.

"I don't see what one woman wants to buy all them cups and saucers for, anyway. When my sister got married she didn't set up housekeeping with near so—"

"Then you can't give me the answer?"

"Well," murmured the boy, shifting to his other foot, and keeping an eye on the cat. "I'd just tell the lady to call round when you was in and get her change, for the bill might be a bad un, and I don't never take no risks."

"You're enraged," ejaculated the dealer.

—California Maverick.

TRAIN AND HIS YOUNG LISTENERS.

How completely George Francis Train has slipped out of public life. We see him nearly every day and he has not changed in the slightest degree since he took up his *flag* to Madison square. At a certain hour every morning—I think at 11 o'clock—he wanders into the park and seats himself on one of the benches near Madison avenue. His big, cumbersome boots, ill-fitting clothing, and rather rusty overcoat lend no distinction to his figure, but there is something about his face with its short, gray beard, and big, brown eyes that causes men to look at him intently as they pass.

Sometimes he has a book, but he usually sits with his hands folded idly in his lap, talking gently to the groups of children who gather about him with mild and thoughtful faces. Very often four or five little girls will stand listening to George Francis Train for hours. In older times he would have been considered a sage; now young Americans light a fresh cigarette, grins, calls him a crank and passes on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE PUMP THAT COST \$1,000,000.

The largest pumping unit in the world is that at Friesenvalle, Pa., used to pump water out of a zinc mine. It was built at Merrick's foundry, Philadelphia, in 1870, at a cost of nearly \$1,000,000. Its parts were so heavy that all the bridges along the line of the North Pennsylvania railroad, from Philadelphia to Center Valley, were strengthened to insure against accident. Its cylinder has a diameter of 110 inches; the piston rod is fourteen inches in diameter. It has a stroke of twelve feet, and in one minute forces over 30,000 gallons of water, or 30,000,000 gallons daily, out of the mine to a height of 130 feet.

—Chicago Journal.

OF MUCH INTEREST IN NAVAL CIRCLES.
Of the Ericsson new submarine gun the Naval and Military Gazette says it is an object of much interest in English naval circles. But, it adds, the partially bald ones are fed losing their few remaining hairs scratching their heads over the puzzle how the India rubber diaphragm over the muzzle is to be replaced for the second charge, after the first has been fired away nine feet under water.

Capt. Ericsson will no doubt provide a means for that, so the British officers had better spare their scalps till they hear farther from the venerable inventor.—Scientific American.

HOW HIS PRIDE RECEIVED A FALL.

Justice Field tells how his pride had a fall. When he was a young man he was particularly proud of his erect form and fine, curling hair. Walking one day with head well up, he ran against a cart and injured his knee. The injury resulted in a permanent lameness and a consequent stoop in his shoulders. Afterward hard study produced brain fever, and a fly-blister cured the fever and destroyed his wavy locks.—Chicago Herald.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE SOUTHERN FREEZE.

The recent freeze at the south was not an unmixed evil. The frost penetrated the earth to the depth of a foot, and soil that had been impacted for several years was loosened and made ready for unusual productiveness, while numerous pests of the worm and bug order were probably destroyed by the cold.—Chicago Times.

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Nearly 80,000 acres of land under water along the Connecticut shore have been sold by the state to oyster growers.

—T. S. Sprague, Jr., "Saved a loss by . . ."

A CONFEDERATE SPY.

WHO PLAYED THE PART OF A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

Arrested and Carried Off to the Guard-House—The Ordeal Undergone at the Office of the Provost Marshal—Some Surprising Test—Turner Loose.

When Gen. Early made his great raid on Washington I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battle-flag appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond, because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day, and was slowly walking out, when a group of young men, both of whom were considerably the worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight. I had a pencil and a block of paper with me, and I wrote:

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared that it would be a novel idea to tick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize fighter. I tried to get away from them without further trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to a guard-house. One of the young men, who afterward turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the office of the provost marshal and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my name, age, when born and a hundred other questions, and then searched. They found nothing on me of a threatening nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

NEARLY THROWN OFF HIS GUARD.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me:

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and get out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and while I heard his words, I made no movement. He came closer to me and said:

"Come, pack up your traps, you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eye without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into a private room where the marshal and three or four other officials were seated. On the way to the office, as we crossed a wide street the officer suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a runaway horse—look out!"

If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I must have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling:

"They think they've got a sucker, but they'll find out the mistake!"

I entered the office, knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment, when one of the officials looked up and quietly said:

"Come, pack up your traps, you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eye without winking, and led him to a chair. When I was seated one of the others remarked:

"Write your name, age and last place of residence on a slip of paper."

THE SHARPEST TRICK AT LAST.

That was trick number three, and it failed as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper:

"Who are you, and where from?"

I wrote in reply, "I am Charles Jones, of Richmond."

"But you are a Union man!" suggested one of the officers about.

I saw his lips move, but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would resort to the sharpest trick to the last, and was therefore nervous up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed:

"Where did that Confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. Then he turned to his companions and said:

"Gentlemen, its no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb and a d—d fool besides!"

"We have wasted our time," replied a second officer. "He is not only what he claims to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the secretary of war."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, carelessly as you please, and said:

"Go with the officer."

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard-house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose in the streets.—"Ex-Confederate" in Detroit Free Press.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT AS AN ORATOR.

"The Claimant" has just delivered a lecture in Dublin. He drew an immense audience, who hailed him as he came on with cries of "Hullo, Roger!" and "Wagga-Wagga!" All the other performers with whom he was listed off. "Sir Roger" was in evening dress, and is described as tall of stature, portly in build, of dark complexion, and as solemn as a professional undertaker in appearance. His powers of oratory are not good, his voice is bad, and his twenty minutes' address was, perhaps, the plainest character.—Foreign Letter.

THE THIRD NAPOLEON NEARLY FORGOTTEN.

The 9th of January mass at St. Augustin's, in Paris, in celebration of the death of Napoleon III is becoming a dead formality. The other day but few notable Bonapartists attended, and the popular element was completely absent. The arm chairs in front of the altar, which were reserved for the emperors, were empty throughout the service.

—Chicago Times.

HAZDUST BURNED TO THE WINDWARD NEAR FLORIDA.
Hazardous Florida orange groves from the biting west.